

DEMOCRAT AND SENTINEL.

GIVE ME THY BLESSING, Mither.

BY GRETA.

Gie me thy blessing, mither,
For I must now away,
To my bonnie Agnes, mither,
Upon her bridal day.
I've blynd her lang and well, mither,
And thon my love has known;
Then lay thy hand upon me, mither,
And bless thy kessing son."

"Abit! Willie, how my heart o'erflows
When thus I hear thee speak;
My tears are glistening on thy hair,
And dropping on thy cheek,
And oh! how memory call up now
The days of auld lang syne,
When I a wimson bride first ca'd
Thy sainted father mine.

Ye look sae like him, Willie dear,
Ye look sae like him now;

Ye have the same broad, noble brow,
And sic a smile was on his face

When he that morning came,
To bring awa, as ye maun do,

A lassie to his home.

"Pu'child, her heart is beating now
As it ne'er beat before;

Pu'child, I ken her hazel een

Wi' tears are running o'er,

She loves thee, Willie, but she feels

To wed's a solemn thing—

I weel remember how I felt,

When looking on the ring.

"I weel remember, too, the hour
When, wi' a heavy sigh,

I turned, a wife sae young and sad,

To bid them a' good by.

The tears were gushing then, I know,

For I loved my kindred weel,

And though my ain was by my side,

I could na' help but feel.

"But then, how kind he took my hand,

And gently whispered—"come,

The same soft star shines o'er my cot

That shines above thy home."

And, Willie, often, since he's dead,

I've watched that distant star,

And thought I saw his gentle face

Smile in it from afar.

"We loved ilkither weel, Willie,

We loved ilkither lang;

Ah me! how happy was the heart

That thrilled the evening sang.

We loved ilkither Willie, right:

And may God grant it so!

That ye maun have as we twa hae'd,

In days lang, lang ago.

"Oh! fondly cherish her, Willie,

She is sae young and fair;

She has not known a singel cloud,

Or fel a singe care.

Then, if a cauld world's storm should come

They way to overcast—

Oh! ever stand (thou art a man)

Between her and the blust.

"When first I knew a mither's pride,

'Twas when I gazed on thee;

And when my iither flowers died,

Tu' smile was left to me.

And I can scarce believe it true,

So late thy life began,

The playful bairn I fondled then,

Stands by me now a Man.

"Then tell thy bonnie bride, Willie,

I has my first born son :

I tak' the darling from my arms,

And gie him to her own.

Oh! she will cherish thee, Willie;

For when I man depart,

She, only she, will be left.

To fill thy lonely heart.

"I dinna fear to die, Willie,—

I ever wish to gang;

The soft green mound in yon kink yard,

Has lanely been too lang,

And I would lay me there, Willie,

And a' Death's terror brave,

Besides the heart sae lead and true

If 't within the grave.

"Then gang awa', my blessed bairn,

And blynd thy gentle dove,

And dinna frown if a' shold greet

To part wi' her they love,

But if a' tems fits up here,

Then whisper, as they part,

There's room for thee at mither's hearth—

There's room in mither's Heart!"

"And may the Gud that reigns above,

And sees ye a' the white,

Look down upon your plighted troth,

And blynd ye wi' His smile.

And mayst thou never forget Willie,

In a' thy future life,

To serve the Power that gave to thee

Thy kind and guileless wife."

The Lifetime of Man.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live?

"Thirty years," replied nature, "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Ains!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn-sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time I pray!"

Nature was moved with compassion, and passed but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature. "Thirty years were too many for the ass, but will thou be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog. "Think how much I will have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice by barking, and my teeth

for biting, what else shall I be fit for but lie in the corner and growl?"

Nature thought he was right, and gave twelve years.

The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; thou wilt have to labor as the ass and dog."

Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be! Should pudings ever rain down, I shall excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded by a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."

Nature was gracious and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man.

"When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire upon my own hearth—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life shall seem to me most desirable, I shall die—Oh, Nature, grant me a longer period."

"Then shalt thou have the eighteen years of the ass besides."

"That is not enough," replied man.

"Take, likewise, the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more."

"I will give thee, then the ten years of the ape, and in vain wilt thou claim more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

This man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He labors carefully and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen of the ass come next; burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the reward of his faithful service.

The twelve years of the dog follow, and he bores his teeth, and lies down in the corner and grows. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form a conclusion. Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

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